Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
VVe doe debaſe our ſelfe (Coſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland* and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their hopefull Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the ſentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it of againe
VVith words of ſooth: O that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes have ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Au. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke.*
Rich. VVhat muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Iewels for a ſet of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Coſin)
VVee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

Or

Or ſhall we play the wantons,
And make ſome pretty match v
As thus: to drop them ſtill up
Till they have fretted us a pair
VVithin the Earth: and therei
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Gra
VVould not this ill, doe well i
I talke but idly, and you mock
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord
VVhat ſayes King *Bullingbroo*
Give *Richard* leave to live, till
You make a legge and *Bulling*
Nor. My Lord, in the baſe C
To ſpeake with you, may it pl
Rich. Downe, downe I come
Wanting the manage of unruly
In the baſe Court? baſe Cou
To come at Traytors calls, and
In the baſe Court come down
For Night-Owles ſhrike, wh
Bul. What ſayes his Majeſ
Nor. Sorrow and griefe of h
Makes him ſpeake fondly, lik
Yet he is come.
Bul. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire duty to his M
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Coſin,
You debaſe your Princely kn
To make the baſe earth prou
Me rather had, my heart migh
Than my unpleas'd Eye ſee
Vp Coſin, up, your Heart is u
Thus high at leaſt, although
Bul. My gracious Lord, I
Rich. Your owne is yours, a
Bul. So farre be mine, (my
As my true ſervice ſhall deſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)